

Letha

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Summary: This is a mature twist to the original story, The Hollow Kingdom. This is a story where Letha embarks on a dark journey with her sadistic relatives after the passing of her beloved father. On top of trying to protect her little sister from their cruel and unusual activities, her main priority will be protecting herself as the goblin king comes to play.

Letha

Prologue

I have always been brave and adventurous. When I fell off of my great chestnut mare at age seven, I broke my color bone and did not even shed a tear. I blacked out that day in the big lively wood, and even though the pain was excruciating when I woke, I climbed back up my horse. I was determined not to fear, for I noticed my brother and his shiny black haired stallion was not with me. I walked Sariah back to my father's manor, the whole four miles, and gave a big sigh relief to the party assembled to come get me. Rupert must not have had the strength to lift me, the poor thing. But, for what it was worth, I was always admired from that day on. A seven year old girl, traveling alone in the almost dark wood, my father would always smile at that story in years to come.

No such bravery came to me now. Instead, I did something that I had never done before, and screamed as long and as loud as I could.

"Help! Help!" I screamed in horror.

A cloaked man's muscular arms captured me tightly around the waist, his large hand covered my mouth silencing my desperate please. My heart raced in sheer utter panic. I kicked and thrashed, wriggled in every way I could, only to send my picnic basket tumbling down the hill. My heart, seeming to pound in my ears, somehow managed to hear horses arriving behind us. But the hope that someone was coming to

help me was quickly discarded. I listened to men who had galloped up the hill from the wood, shouting encouragements to my captor and laughing at my struggle.

As my abductor tightened his grip, and proceeded to drag me away, I saw lights illuminating below. It was my fathers' manor. Someone had heard me.

"Now what do I do?" I thought in a panic. This man was effortlessly bringing me closer and closer to his loud friends galloping all over the hill.

His deep masculine voice now caressed my ear softly as he spoke, "You surprise me Abigail, I did not think you would struggle so much."

His voice was unfamiliar and my fear now turned to anger as he chuckled at my failed attempts to break free. I knew I would not escape his hold with pure strength, so I now focused on a new idea. With all of my strength and might that I could muster, I brought my foot down on his so hard, that I thought I would surely break my own. He let go and I burst forward, but not before I had whipped around in one smooth motion and slapped him hard across the face. I focused now on my father's manor and ran as if I was mad.

My tremendous efforts, my triumph of freedom, my cleverness and wit against this man was heartbreakingly short-lived. A few seconds later he had caught up to me, and his abnormally big arms entrapped me once more. As his body slammed into the back of mine, I lost my footing and both of us tumbled down the hill. As we rolled violently further and further down, hitting rocks and snapping twigs against our bodies, his snake like hold did not waver. He managed to land on top of me, and before I could do any more damage to his person, he pinned my arms above my head. His pelvis lowered on mine, the weight of his body no doubt discouraged me to fight. We both knew I did not have the strength.

As he caught his breath, he looked down at me and smiled a wide triumphant grin. I gasped, shocked at what I saw before me. His long smile revealed sharp threatening teeth. The moon illuminated his corpse like skin. His thick black eyebrows were dramatically uneven, one almost an inch above the other. His crooked nose looked like it had been broken once, and had not healed properly. But as I gazed up into his otherworldly, slanted large grey eyes, I knew it had not been broken but he had been born this way.

I shifted uncomfortably as I came to yet another terrifying realization. My skirts had flown upward when falling, and had settled near my stomach when he landed on top of me. I tried to stay calm since my captor was holding me down, but I worried as the cool night air caressed the most private parts of me that he would eventually notice. I shifted my legs softly beneath him as to try to dissuade him that I was trying to escape, and at the same time attempt to close my legs. He looked at me curiously for a moment, then looked down as he shifted into a better position. Once he feasted his eyes upon where my skirts had gathered, they glistened almost wickedly. He looked down at me with a devilish grin.

"Oh my dear, what a temptation you are." His smile only widened as he taunted me in a childlike voice.

I did not move or plead, for I did not want to excite him further. I had no idea what he was capable of, and I was not keen to find out in such a precarious predicament. Instead I stiffened my body and held my breath. I had a feeling I knew what was coming. I have been told before what horrors men can do to women. I looked at him straight in the eyes as he studied me longingly. He moved my wrists into one of his large hands, and used the other to quickly pull my skirts back into place. I was shocked, but grateful nonetheless.

"There there sweet thing, Marak fixed it." He cooed with the same malicious grin. "You would think a King could do as he liked, but I'm afraid there is to be none of that until after the ceremony." He explained excitedly.

Fearful tears escaped my eyes. I closed them as to not look any more at this ugly creature. As I lay there helplessly, listening to thunderous hooves approaching, my tears now turned sad. I had the worst feeling that I would never see my family again. I courageously took another look at the despicable thing before me, and tried screaming once more in defiance. I barely got out a breath before his thin mouth came down to my neck and bit there gently. It was so uncanny that I was almost silenced by mere shock. My body went numb. My voice was silenced. I could feel nothing. Not the scrapes on my knees nor the long cut on my head, and my fear was somehow suppressed. Did he have some sort of serum on him? Why would it only affect me and not him?

He brought me up with him effortlessly as he rose to his feet. Another hooded brute trotted his horse forward bringing my captors giant black beast of a horse before him. Like a child, he swung me up into the saddle, and quickly got a rope from a satchel to tie me with.

"I wouldn't try anything rash." He advised as he bound my wrist tightly to the saddle horn. "It might make for an uncomfortable ride." His comrades laughed at this. But I did not care, and would not speak if I could. I only looked towards the illuminating lights that were my father's manor. My hope was too slow, as I saw no one approaching in the distance. Could they really not hear all these men and horses? But as my body was mysteriously numb, I presumed this otherworldly creature had something to do with that.

He mounted up behind me, pulling my body close to his chest as he clicked his horse forward. I could not help but notice his thickening member pressing hard against the back of me, and I shivered in disgust as to be so close to it. His horse galloped energetically forward, and his friends escorted him on all sides whooping and hollering in victory. We moved wickedly fast up and over the hill and into the vast wood. We rode for what seemed like eternity, never slowing down, but instead going faster and faster and faster. All sorts of horrible thoughts came to my head as I wondered what they would do to me. Would they rape me? Would they kill me? They all seem to love the sport of a chase. Perhaps they would do both.

The group turned and weaved through the woods until another opening of a hill appeared. The horses' ears perked up as they paused at this small plain hill before us. My heart raced with worry as I felt our destination nearing. My kidnapper clicked his horse forward once more, and raced towards the small mound. I squeezed my legs tightly

as to not fall off. The hill came nearer but we stayed flat on the ground. No, we were going down. Down? I looked below and the horse's hooves were disappearing into the ground. My eyes grew wide in astonishment. Panic washed over me, completely overcoming whatever this creature had done to numb me before.

I gave a small squeal as my wide eyes took in the anomalous sight. My waist was below the ground. Below the ground? Below the ground? My stomach seemed to leap up into my chest. Hot tears flowed easily down my face as I started to shake and tremble.

"Shhh, it's alright Abigail. Just close your eyes." My captor spoke gently, tightening his grip on my waist as the rest of our bodies disappeared.

Why in the world would I listen to this supernatural creature who has tied me to his saddle horn? But, as so much fear as I have never felt before overcame me, I took one last look at the glistening starry sky, and closed my eyes.

End
file.